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A Jersey woman of the  
Eighteenth Century.





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## A Jersey Woman of the Eighteenth Century.

BY JOHN BODINE THOMPSON, D. D.

[Read before the New Brunswick Historical Club March 16, 1893.]

Midway between New Brunswick and Metuchen the traveller crosses a stream, too small at that place to attract attention, yet worthy of notice. Its name is "Ambrose's Brook." Rising near Piscataway-town, it flows, slowly but steadily, northwesterly through grassy meadows until it empties into the Bound Brook at the village of that name.

Bound Brook is so called because two centuries ago it bounded the Elizabeth-town patent on that side. Ambrose's Brook is so called from an early settler on the fertile lands through which it meanders so quietly to its goal, whose name, I suppose, was Ambrose Martin. The most remarkable thing about this self-contained and self-sufficient brook is that it presumes to parallel itself with the Raritan river, and even to run contrary to it. Of course, it meets the common fate of those in whom ambition outruns ability, by being swallowed up at last in the swelling tide of its greater rival.

On the banks of Ambrose's Brook was born more than a hundred and fifty years ago a child, the story of whose life I am now to tell. The family had been a notable one in France. One of its members had written what Sir William Hamilton calls "The ablest and most Remarkable Treatise on the Philosophy of Government and Legislation," during the two thousand years that had elapsed between Aristotle and Montesquieu. He was the Counsellor of the King of France, and was consulted also by Elizabeth, of England, whom he advised to enlarge her kingdom by adopting the King of Scotland, and marrying Lenox. This advice, apparently, did not

please her; for she did not follow it, but treated it as mere badinage, and, punning on his name, called its author "Mr. Bodin," instead of "Bodin." A hundred years after that, another member of the family, bearing also the name of Jean Bodin, went from France to London where he and his wife were naturalized, October 14, 1681. Soon after they came to the American colonies and settled among their kindred Huguenots on Staten Island, where he died as early as 1695. I am not sure whether it was his son or his grandson, who crossed over to the mainland at Perth Amboy, and made his way to the banks of Ambrose's Brook, where he bought of the proprietors of East Jersey sixty acres of land, July 22, 1722. Abraham Bodin, Bodien or Bodine, as the name began now to be variously spelled and pronounced, married a Dutch girl, named Adriantje Janse, and had nine children. The fifth of these was "Judik," to whom I have already alluded, born on the banks of Ambrose's Brook, March 17, 1735. This generation had lost the language of their fathers, and had become identified with the Dutch among whom they dwelt. Judik Bodine probably never thought of herself other than as a Dutch girl, though, of course, she learned to speak English as well as Dutch. Undoubtedly she enjoyed her child-life on the banks of the loitering brook, wading in the pools, digging sweet-flag in the low-lying meadows, following her brothers and sisters at their play and gathering the *fleur-de-lis* that grew so plentifully there, all unconscious that it was the national flower of her ancestors. When she was thirteen years of age her older sister married, and Judik

was compelled to take her share of household duty. The drive with the slow farm-horses to the church three miles beyond Bound Brook was long and tedious; but that was no reason for staying away, nor for neglecting the study of the catechism that she might recite it at proper intervals to Dominic Frelinghuysen, by whom she had been baptized. At eighteen she stood before the church as one of the "Getuygen," or sponsors, at the baptism of her brother Peter's daughter, Elizabeth. And thus she continued discharging her various duties in the church and the family until she had reached the mature age of thirty-five.

The Dutch in this country had now been under English rule for more than a century; but they clung to the customs and usages of their fathers with characteristic tenacity. Especially was this true of the dwellers on the Raritan who did not at all like the innovations of the English constantly crowding in upon them from New York; and therefore they pushed on further west. Abraham Bodine sold his farm on Ambrose's Brook and bought a larger one on the North Branch of the Raritan, and removed thither with his family.

But others also could follow the "Road up Raritan" to the fertile fields along its branches; and among these "Interlopers," as they were called, was a Scotchman who took a fancy to Judik, and evinced a pertinacity of purpose almost or quite equal to that of a Dutchman. That he was not a Dutchman was rather his misfortune than his fault; and he was an industrious and pious man, and forty years of age, five years older than Judik. To make a long story short, he succeeded in winning the heart and hand of the Dutch woman, and for a few brief years they lived an idyllic life. His affection for her may be inferred from the fact that he was unwilling to use alike her Dutch name of "Judik," the current abridgement of it to "Jude," and the English form of "Judith." He called her "Juda." So he wrote her name in the little Bible he had brought with him from Scotland, so she continued to write it after his decease; and so it continues among her descendants to this day.

By this time not only the lands on the

Raritan, but also those on its north and south branches were occupied. Midway, however, between these two branches was a stream about as large as Ambrose's Brook, upon which the young Hollanders had settled so numerously as to crowd out the earlier English purchasers and to give it the name of "Hollants Brook," which name it still bears. At the very fountain-head of this stream, where its waters issue from the highest peak of the Kusetunk Mountains, (visible from Ambrose's Brook as from New Brunswick,) this married couple found a home; and there their only child was born, July 3, 1772.

But the soil was not so fertile as that of the lowlands; nor was the tillage so easy; and the new settlers listened eagerly to the wonderful stories told of "The Shemoken Country." The phrase designated the region for more than a hundred miles around the ancient Indian town of Shemoken at the junction of the north and west branches of the Susquehanna. Considerable numbers of Scotch and Irish Presbyterians were already in that vicinity; and their fellow-countrymen in the Dutch settlements, would not be loth to join them there. Many of the Dutch also, as I have already intimated, were quite ready to get further away from the encroachments of the English. Juda Bodine's cousin, Agnes, had already married a Scotchman, and gone with him to the new country. Glowing reports of its fertility came back to New Jersey; and so, a little before the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, Juda Bodine and her husband, with others from the Raritan and its branches, decided to try their fortunes, also, in the western wilds.

They located on the west branch of the Susquehanna, called by the Indians "Otzi-nachson," just beyond the creek flowing into it from the north, known then, as now, by the name of "Loyal Sock," not far from the site of the present city of Williamsport. The place selected for their residence was on the edge of the upland, whence they could overlook the broad expanse of green stretching away to the river, not unlike the meadows near the mouth of Ambrose's Brook.

It was an excellent situation. The river

and the creek furnished shad and salmon, as well as fish of inferior fame. The forest abounded with deer and bear and various kinds of smaller game. But the principal reason for selecting this precise spot was, doubtless, the few acres of clearing upon which the red men of the forest had raised their scanty supplies of Indian corn. The thrifty husbandman at once set about enlarging the clearing by felling the huge pines for lumber to build his house and barn. After these were finished the stumps were grubbed up and dragged to the edge of the forest, where they formed a fence for the cleared land. The ground was ploughed and sown, and richly rewarded the labor bestowed upon it. The farmer's cattle and horses grazed upon the meadow; his barn was full; and the next year's harvest was rapidly growing into ripeness. Joyously, because successfully, he labored in the fields; his wife sang cheerily about her household work; and the little boy shared the out-door life of the father and the in-door life of the mother at will.

In later years he used to tell how, playing behind the barn, he found a curiously constructed and fragrant flower of which neither father, nor mother, nor neighbors had ever seen the like. Not until several years after his return to New Jersey did he become acquainted with its name or its nature, for it was first introduced upon the Raritan in the year 1800 under its now familiar name of "red clover."

What could be more delightful than this scene of pastoral felicity on the west branch of the Susquehanna. If human life is but a fraction at best, amid such surroundings that fraction was constantly increased, not so much by multiplying the numerator as by dividing the denominator. The wants of the settlers in that happy valley were few, and easily supplied. It was certainly true to them, what a favorite song of the day represented the British as saying of all the colonists:

"They have no debts to pay;  
They flourish like the lilies  
In North America."

*Et in Arcadia ego*—I, too, was a dweller in Arcadia, might be written of every one of them.

But well does the proverb say: "Count

no man happy 'till he dies." Most of the able-bodied men of the valley had gone to fight their country's battles on the plains of New Jersey. Aware of this fact, an expedition of three hundred white men and five hundred Indians came down the north branch of the Susquehanna and perpetrated the massacre of Wyoming on the third day of July, 1778. At Knawahoclee, (where the city of Elmira now stands) a detachment of two hundred Indians, under the chief, Gucingeracton, left the main body and crossed over to the west branch.

It cannot be said that the settlers were unwarned. The friendly Indian, Job Chuloway, (whose name ought to be held in remembrance by their descendants), had told them that such a visitation was to be expected. And now another friendly Indian came hastily "down Sinnemahoning," with information of a company of fourteen Senecas close at hand and the whole two hundred not far away. Hurriedly the people betook themselves to the stockades they had erected in view of such an emergency. Juda Bodine fled with her husband and child to the enclosure at Muney, seven miles away. They could carry with them only their fire-arms and their little family Bible.

Once safe within the stockade, they began to wonder whether they had not been too precipitate. The scouts sent out could discover no signs of Indians. The weather was rainy; and the confinement was irksome. The Canny Scot began to regret that he had so suddenly abandoned his possessions. He determined to make an effort to bring off his cattle. Peter Shufelt and William Wyckoff were willing to aid in the endeavor. It was past noon when they reached the house, which they found precisely as it had been left. Tying their horses at the door, they entered, and began to prepare themselves a meal. Suddenly they were alarmed by a commotion among the horses, and, looking out, saw the fourteen Indians approaching from the barn, led by a Tory neighbor. Seizing their guns, they rushed for the covert of the friendly trees, and were fired upon as they ran. Peter Shufelt fell, and died where he fell. The Scotchman stopped and returned the fire (in the vain hope to

save his friend), and was himself shot by the second volley from the enemy. The bullet passed through his powder-horn, which burned at his side as he lay a-dying. Both of the men were scalped and their bodies thrown outside the enclosure among the pine grubs. William Wyckoff reached the woods in a wounded condition and was finally captured. He was exchanged the next year and gave the details of the contest.

It was on the 10th of June, 1778, that Juda Bodine thus became a widow with a young child to care for and destitute. No wonder if she were at first in despair. No wonder that she turned down the leaf, in the Bible that had been her husband's, at the words of Job:

Even to-day is my complaint bitter:  
My stroke is heavier than my groaning.

(It remains still turned down at that passage.)

Under the care of her friend and neighbor, Robert Covenhoven, who was also a native of New Jersey, she floated safely down the river with her boy to Shemokem, and found safety there in Fort Augusta, then under the command of Col. Hunter. From his granddaughter I received one of the calthrogs used in the defence of the fort and a medal taken from the body of one of its assailants. The calthrogs were strewn thickly about the grass to pierce the moccasined feet of those attempting the assault; and the medals were given to the Indian Chiefs who remained faithful to the King. The powder-magazine of the old fort may still be seen in the middle of the green field not far from the water's edge.

As soon as practicable, Juda Bodine joined a party returning to New Jersey. Her child was too small to make the journey on foot, and too large to be carried in arms. The horses had been lost on the day of her husband's death. But mother-wit is quick wit; and mother-love, a love that triumphs over all obstacles. She succeeded in securing a little wagon, of the rudest construction, yet capable of holding the child; and this vehicle she pulled through storm and sunshine, along the gorges, across the streams, through the beech woods, down the valley of the Le-

high, and over the Jersey hills to the place whence she had set out, at the head of Hollants Brook. Three hundred miles the brave woman had dragged that little cart over hill and dale. But she and her boy were at home again among her friends. Her return was like that of Naomi from the land of Moab. She "went out full," and the Lord had brought her "home again empty." The one treasure which she still possessed, the only relic rescued from the destruction of her home by the beathen, was the little Bible.

She was destitute, and none of her relatives were in a condition to render her more than a very limited assistance, even if she had been willing to receive it, for the devastations of war had been felt on the Raritan quite as severely as on the Susquehanna, as two or three instances may show. During her absence New Jersey had been the tramping ground of both the hostile armies. Thomas Paine, who accompanied Washington's army on the retreat across New Jersey, on arriving at Philadelphia had issued his *American Crisis* with the article beginning: "These are the times that try men's souls." They were. The roads about New Brunswick are still red; but not so red as they were that dread November day when the march of the patriot army could be traced by the blood that oozed from their bare and bleeding feet. It is recorded that when Washington saw the stains made by the blood of William Lyon, a soldier of Middlesex, as he was marching over the frozen ground, the great man checked his horse and said: "My brave boy, you deserve a better fate;" and the brave boy answered: "There is no danger of my feet freezing as long as the blood runs."

And after those heroes had passed, their families were robbed by their pursuers. On Saturday, November 30, 1776, Gen. Howe issued to all who should sign a declaration that they would henceforth be peaceable subjects of the King a Proclamation of Amnesty, granting them "a free and full pardon for the past."

The next day a British officer was at Piscataway-town, receiving submissions and granting protections. Among those who came thither to make submission was a



man from Perth Amboy, named Samuel Dunlap. He had with him his son, William, who grew up to be an enthusiastic patriot and a noted American painter and *litterateur*. It was he who painted the crayon portrait of Washington when the General was writing his farewell address at Rocky Hill. In his conversational "History of New York" he has told us what he saw in this vicinity during the war. I quote:

"How did the hostile army treat the inhabitants?"

"Some of the Yeomanry 'came in,' as it was, and, according to the proclamation issued by the Howes submitted and received paper protections; but most of the men retired and left their property to the mercy of the enemy. It was my hap, then a little boy, to be in a village on the route of the army, and I saw the process of plundering the houses in which old men, women and children had been left in confidence that British magnanimity would shield them. The plunderers were Hessian, I suppose? Not one, on this occasion. They were British Infantry; and Gen. Grant was in a house of the little place, (it was at Piscataway) receiving submissions and giving protections. It must have been a strange scene! It made an indelible impression on me. Not far from me stood a female follower of the camp, having charge of a musket, and guarding a pile of household furniture, to which a soldier industriously added by bringing forth from a house, where the mistress and her children stood weeping at the door, every article he could find, from the table and looking-glass to the tongs and shovel. Pots, kettles, women's clothing and feather-beds were by the same industry transferred from the owners, homes to various piles similarly protected. Here a soldier was seen issuing from a house, armed with a frying-pan and a gridiron; and there a camp follower bearing a mirror in one hand and a bottle in the other. What could soldiers do with feather-beds?"

"They ripped them open with their bayonets, strewed the road with their feathers, and their help-mates carefully preserved the ticking." "On the day I witnessed this scene," he adds, "Gen. Washington

was posted at New Brunswick behind the Raritan; but the river was fordable, and his force altogether inadequate to oppose Cornwallis at the head of 8,000 veterans."

That day was Sunday, December 1, 1776. That night Washington retreated to Princeton, and the next morning the British entered the city, which they held for more than six months.

How Washington crossed and recrossed the Delaware, fought the battle of Princeton, marched through Somerset, and went into winter quarters at Morristown, January 6, 1877, is well known. On the eighteenth, he wrote to Gen. Schuyler: "The enemy by two lucky strokes, at Trenton and Princeton, have been obliged to abandon every part of Jersey except Brunswick and Amboy, and the small tract of country between them, which is so entirely exhausted of supplies of every kind, that I hope, by preventing them from sending their foraging parties to any great distance, to reduce them to the utmost distress, in the course of this winter."

This hope was only partially realized; for the British occupied also six-mile-run and Middlebush, and devastated the whole country on both sides of the Raritan, "at times," Dunlap tells us, "tearing down fences and out-houses for fuel, or bringing in rebel cows and oxen from the adjacent country; and sometimes bringing in plunder apparently less necessary for the subsistence of an army, such as chairs, tables, bureaus, bedsteads, and looking-glasses, piled upon baggage-wagons and regularly guarded by an escort."

The very next day after Washington wrote his letter to Gen. Schuyler, the Queen's rangers went up to Bound Brook and robbed Ennis Graham of the contents of a box which he had buried in his barn, securing thus a considerable booty of "cash, plate, watches and jewelry."

It was on their way back from this raid, or from another like it, that George Anderson was awakened from sleep by the passage of the British light horse. He was the son of a Scottish diver who, tiring of such a life in his native land, had come to the colonies at least as early as 1684. His son was now living upon the paternal farm of 250 acres, on the river bank, a part of

which has been latterly known as "the McClintock place" and "the Janeway place." He had married Metje Van Wickelen, the daughter of the owner of an adjacent 250 acres; whose marriage outfit included a number of pewter-platters, and other dishes of the same material, constituting a large and complete "dinner-set." One of these was more than two feet in diameter. In my youth I had the privilege on more than one occasion of sitting down to a feast spread upon the groaning table covered with this bright and shining pre-revolutionary plate. I remember spending much of the time while waiting for my share of the turkey, in trying to decipher the exquisitely engraved monogram of Metje Van Wickelen upon the edge of the largest of the "pewter-platters."

She was the paternal grandmother of the writer's maternal grandmother, Martha Anderson. George Anderson heard the light horsemen pass his door in the middle of the night; but thought it the part of prudence to lie still till morning. At dawn of day, however, he was out in the road, inspecting the track of the marauders, and was rewarded by the discovery of a watch. It was not one of those stolen from Ennis Graham, it was an English officer's watch. It had a small minute-hand, and a still smaller hour-hand. But the second-hand was very large, showing that it had been made specially for noting the speed of horses. The finder regarded it as contraband of war and appropriated it to his own use. It is now owned by one of his descendants, Prof. Thompson, of Princeton College, and is still a pretty good watch.

One of the orders issued by Sir William Howe declared that "all salted and meal provisions which may be judged to exceed the quantity necessary for the subsistence of an ordinary family shall be considered a magazine of the enemy, and seized for the King, and given to the troops as a saving for the public."

Thus the pickling tubs and garners of every Jersey farmer became lawful prize, the captor being judge of the quantity necessary for the subsistence of the family. Under this order the Tories on the upper waters of the Raritan were as active as the

British nearer its mouth. Gen. Greene wrote to his wife: "The Tories are the cursedest rascals among us, the most wicked, villainous and oppressive. They lead the relentless foreigners to the houses of their neighbors, and strip the poor women and children of everything they have to eat and wear."

Among the families thus raided was that of Colonel David Scham, a friend and neighbor of Juda Bodine's when she lived on Hollants Brook. He was one of the colonial land-holders who kept a pack of twenty or thirty hounds for fox hunting, and raised horses with which to compete in the Long Island races, even down to sixty years ago. His wife was at home alone with her children; but she was equal to the occasion. When a neighbor, on his way to protect his own home, rushed in to announce the approach of a band of Tories, she mounted the most valuable horse and galloped away with him to a ravine in the woods where she hid him securely. Returning, she had time only to turn another very valuable horse loose in the road, where the marauders in vain tried to catch him. When they reached the house they found the Dutch woman standing at her cellar-door, pitchfork in hand, to defend her meat barrels. Threats and attempts to pass or seize her were all in vain. They were not quite willing to kill her for what they could get more easily from some other cellar; and so she saved her food for her children.

Two years of such experiences as these had deprived Juda Bodine's friends, as I have said, of ability to provide for her. She was without means of support save such as she should find in herself. But she had inherited the virtues of generations of struggle with adversities, civil and religious; and her life for nearly half a century had been such as to develop her inborn strength of character and fit her for the future upon which she was now entering.

She was named after the Jewish widow whose wisdom and courage had given a future to her people; and the better courage of this Christian widow now rose in like manner to the height of the occasion. She had only her son to live for; but she would live for him in such a way

as to make him worthy of his ancestry; and she did. Accustomed to toil, she became working housekeeper for the aged Jacobus Vanderwever at his plantation on Hollants Brook, two miles east of the spot where her boy was born.

Here she made a home for herself and her child, and sent him to school while he was yet too young for manual labor. After that she took care that he should become familiar with all manner of work on the farm and in due season, that she might make him independent of untoward events, bound him apprentice to Pietro Mazzini, the Italian tailor.\*

About that time Dr. Jacob Jennings who afterwards became a preacher in Virginia, was beginning the practice of medicine at Hollants Brook; and Juda Bodine for some reason, found it necessary to sue him at the law for one pound, fifteen shillings and six pence, which amount she recovered, according to the testimony of Esquire Peter Brainer's docket, though no further particulars of the transaction are now known.

Leaving Hollants Brook, she obtained employment for a short time with Peter Whorley who kept the big stone tavern just west of the place where the village of Raritan now stands. The house had been built early in the century by a noted lawyer named Peregrine La Grange, whose property was confiscated because he adhered to the Crown. It was bought at auction by a still more noted lawyer, William Patterson, who had lived at New Brunswick when he was a boy. He was graduated in 1763 at Princeton, where Aaron Burr learned to know him, and other law students afterward lived with him in the big stone house while pursuing their studies under his direction. Mr. Patterson was a member of the convention that framed the constitution of the United States; was a Senator from New Jersey in the First

Congress; was Governor of New Jersey and after that a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. The city of Paterson was named after him in the year 1800. Many men who afterward became eminent in different parts of the country were among the law students in this house. I remember with what reverence I looked in my youth upon a mansion which had been the home of many great men.

After the war it fell into the hands of Peter Whorley. He was a man of property, and of a certain kind of influence. He seems to have been a constable, as well as an inn-keeper, and to have discharged his duties with a zeal born of innate cruelty.

Indeed, he is remembered chiefly for his cruelty to negro slaves. "Any negro found five miles from home it was the duty of these officers to arrest, and to flog with a whip into the thongs of which fine wire was plaited. For this service the owners were obliged to pay the constables five shillings, which materially augmented the income of these officials, and added largely to the value and importance of the position."

Peter Whorley was unusually zealous in the discharge of such duties. Many of the blacks living up the river had wives owned by planters in the neighborhood of New Brunswick and the way thither lay past Peter Whorley's door. He was known far and wide for the persistency with which he would watch for negroes passing by, and punish them according to law. And he was equally cruel to his own slaves. His method of "breaking them in," as he called it, was told by Juda Bodine to her son, and from his son the story came to me. With club in hand he led the slave he had just bought out to the chicken-house, and commanded him to jump over the building. When the man declared his inability to accomplish so impossible a

\*It is not known that Pietro belonged to the same family which a century later gave to the world the eminent statesman, Joseph Mazzini, but he was certainly a diplomatist in his way. His glib tongue would sometimes tell in after years how poor Pietro, unable to obtain in this bleak, chilly, mild wines to which he had been accustomed in his native land, was fain to solace himself as best he could with Jersey whiskey. On one occasion having taken a touch of his now favorite beverage, his hand was unsteady, and, in working upon a vest for

a customer, he cut one of the pockets all the way to the buttons. Nothing daunted, when the vest was finished he divided the pocket into two, one being of the usual size, and the other, next the buttons, very small. When the young man came for his vest, the bland Italian explained to his satisfaction that the small pocket was a device recently introduced to relieve the anxiety always felt for a "button-hole baguet" because of its insecurity, by placing it in safety in the place thus provided for it and known as the "posy pocket."

thing, without a word he was struck senseless to the ground. When he had recovered sufficiently to stand upon his feet again the command was repeated, and when the victim opened his mouth to remonstrate, again the blow fell and again the poor man lay prostrate. Struggling to his feet, he heard the command for the third time, jumped against the building and again fell bruised and bleeding to the earth. Thereupon the master declared himself satisfied, saying: "When I tell you to do a thing, do it; or try to do it at any rate."

Escaping from contact with such a brute, Juda Bodine found a home in the family of Esquire Jacob Degroot, not far from the mouth of Ambrose's Brook. Steadily from the day of her husband's death had she been making her way toward the place where she was born; and now she stood again by the stream on whose banks she had played when a child.

What changes had come to her meanwhile! As she thought of all that she had suffered is it strange that she should moan:

Lover and friend hast thou put far from me,  
And mine acquaintance into darkness!

But presently the murmuring waters would soothe her perturbed spirit into peace with the musical monotony of the song they sang. It was a song without words, a song sung only to the souls of such as have ears to hear, a song that waited till our own day for an interpreter to translate it into language intelligible to our common-place experience:

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;  
I glide by hazel-covers,  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers:  
I slip, I slide, I glance, I glow,  
To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow;  
And many a fairy foreground set  
With willow-weed and mallow,  
And given all my plants, and flow  
To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In branching willow-resses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;

I loiter round my cresses:  
And out again I curve, and flow  
To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

And so she spent there the remainder of her days in quietness and peace, blessed and a blessing. She had the comfort of knowing that her son was respected and esteemed by all who knew him. She visited him on his plantation in the neighborhood in which he was born, and held his son in her motherly arms. She tasted of the fruit of her labors and was satisfied.

It was on the seventeenth day of June, 1796, that this son paid the last sad tribute to her memory, at Bound Brook, and, returning to his home, gave her name to his oldest daughter born while he was standing by the open grave.

The only legacy his mother left him, beside the innate ethical courage which had manifested itself in her life, was the Bible which had been her husband's companion during the long and tedious crossing of the Atlantic, and amid the people here whose language he understood not; which had given the keynote to their family life on Rollants Brook and on the Loyalsock; which had comforted her in her extremity and taught her to put her trust, and not in vain, in the God of the fatherless and the widow.

It was customary in those days for a woman who could write to inscribe her name in her Bible, with the added statement that "God gave her grace therein to look," etc. This pious formula of covert self-laudation she turned into a prayer and wrote after her name:

Juda Thomson, her book;  
God give her grace therein to look!  
Not only to look, but to understand.

Every leaf of this book is water-stained, probably by the exposures of the memorable journey from the Susquehanna to the Raritan. The old calf of the binding is worn into holes by long use; and only pieces of the ancient clasps remain imbedded in one side of the thick cover. The leaf which contains the family record is brittle, and begins to crumble at the edges. Not much longer, probably, can the venerable relic be preserved. But the memory of such an ancestry and the imminent moral life transmitted therefrom should enoble character to the latest generation.







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